



TOM CAT

No 7

THE ALL
AMERICAN

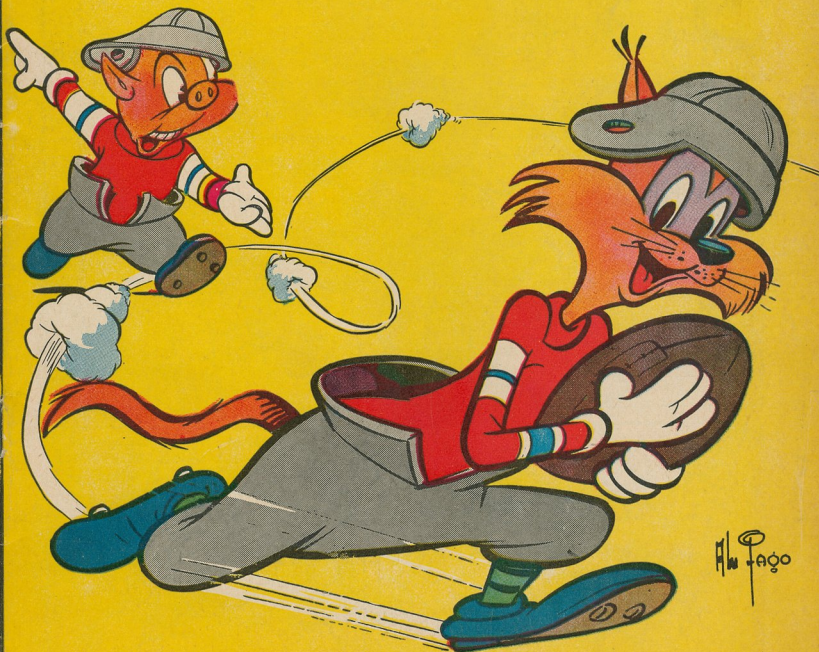
TOM CAT



A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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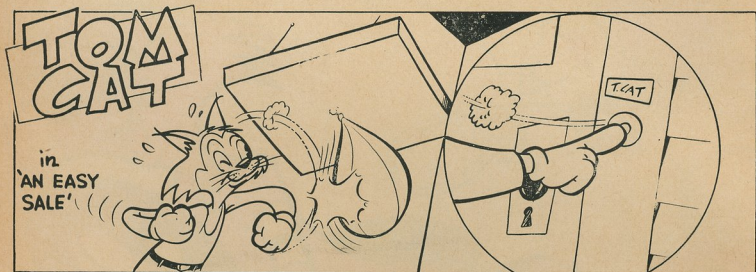
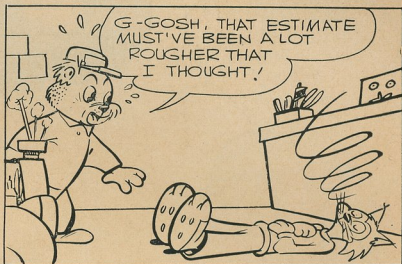
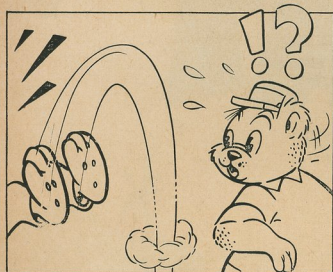
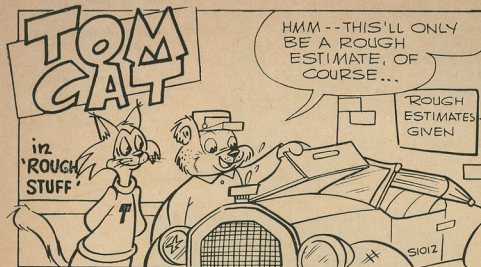
HEY, TOMCAT!
YOU'RE RUNNING
THE WRONG
WAY!



W. L. Fogo



WEB COMIC
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TOM CAT

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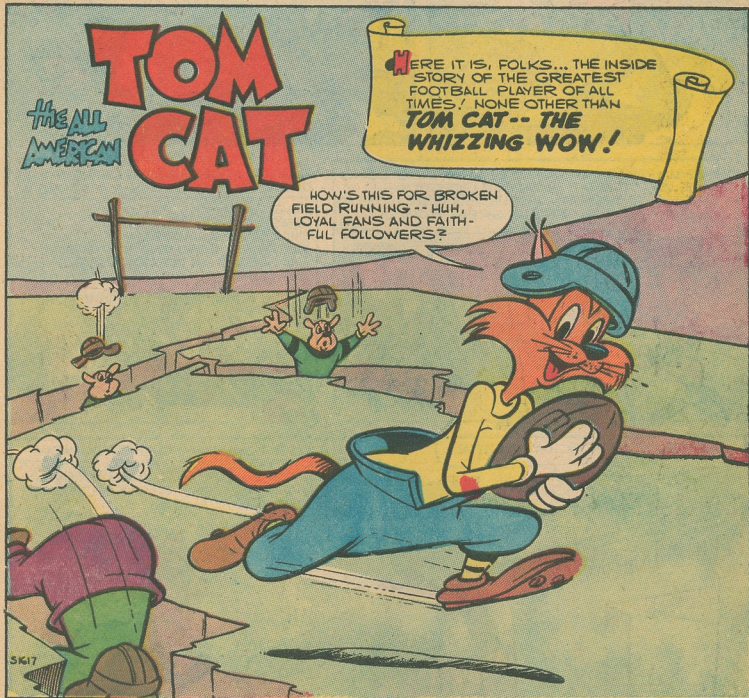
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TOM CAT

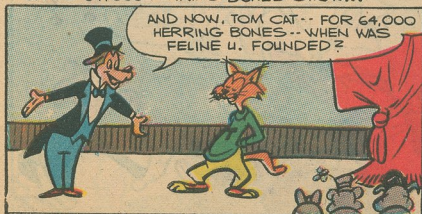


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Alfred P. Sajo Executive Editor



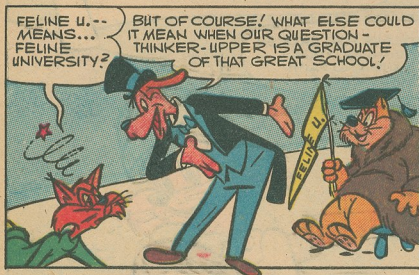
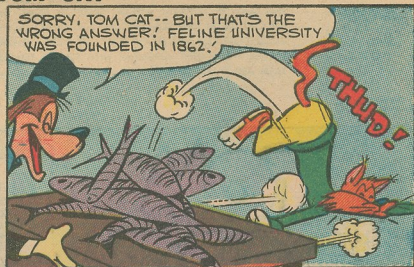
AND WHERE DO YOU THINK TOM CAT'S FOOTBALL CAREER STARTED? GUESS AGAIN! IT STARTED ON THE 64,000 HERRING BONES SHOW...



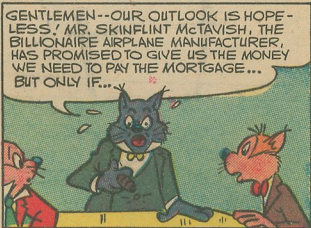
HMM-- FELINE YOU! HE MUST BE SO EXCITED, HE SWITCHED THE WORDS AROUND! IT'S YOU FELINE HE MEANT TO SAY... FELINE MEANS CAT... SO BY YOU FELINE, HE MEANS **ME!** LEMME SEE-- I GOT LOST ONCE WHEN I WAS ONE YEAR OLD... AND MY MOM FOUNDED ME THE SAME YEAR!



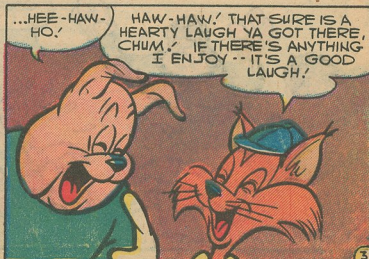
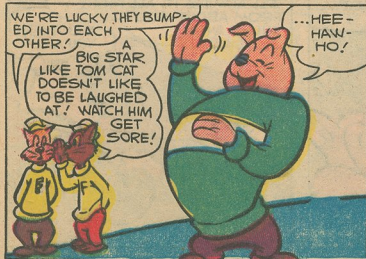
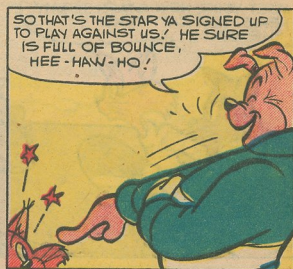
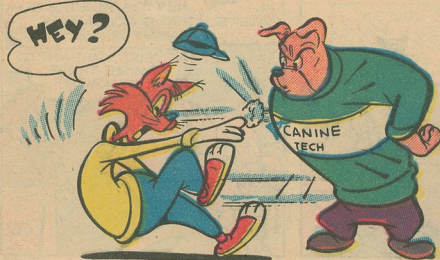
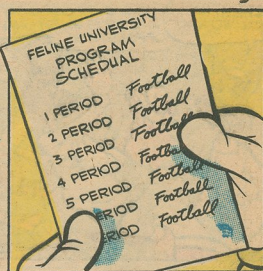
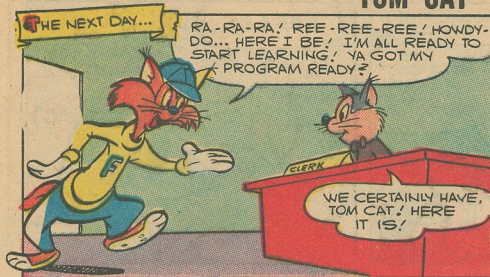
TOM CAT



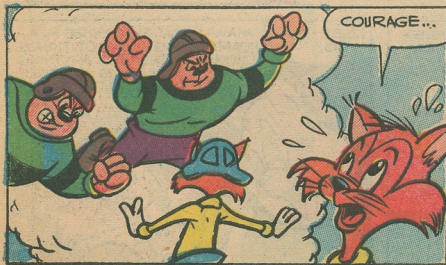
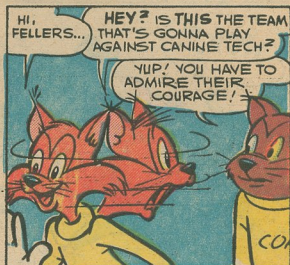
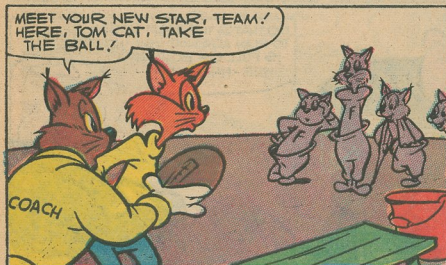
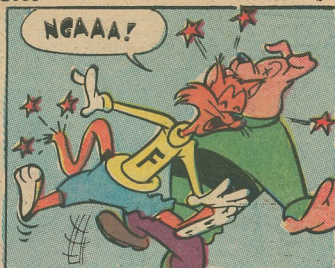
LATER, AT THE MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF (YOU GUESSED IT) FELINE U...



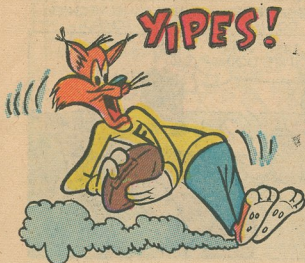
TOM CAT



TOM CAT

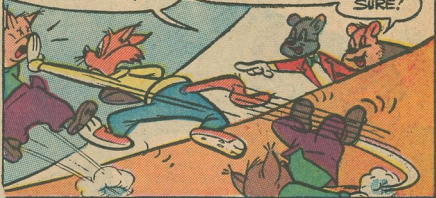


TOM CAT



LOOK AT THAT, TOM CAT
RUN WITH THE BALL--
RIGHT THROUGH THE
WHOLE TEAM!

HE'S A WHIZZING WOW! ALL HE
WAS TO DO IS RUN THROUGH
THE CANINE TECH TEAM THAT
WAY... AND WE'LL WIN FOR
SURE!



THE DAY OF THE GREAT GAME...



THE TEAMS ARE COMING
OUT ONTO THE FIELD! A
GREAT DEAL DEPENDS
ON THIS GAME, Y'KNOW.



...IF FELINE U. LOSES, THE SCHOOL WILL HAVE
TO CLOSE DOWN! IF THEY WIN, MR. SKINFINT
McTAVISH WILL GIVE THEM THE MONEY TO PAY
THEIR MORTGAGE... THERE'S TOM CAT NOW,
FELINE U'S STAR, TALKING
TO A FRIEND!

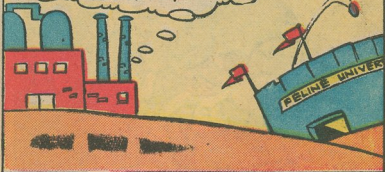
MEANWHILE, AT THE NEARBY MCTAVISH
AIRPLANE FACTORY...



...NOW THE
TEAMS ARE
LINED UP FOR
THE KICK-OFF!

HEH-HEH--I'VE MADE SURE
THAT FELINE U. WON'T WIN
TODAY! EVERYTIME THEY
GET THE BALL...

...I'LL TURN ON THE GIANT MAGNETO THAT I
BURIED UNDER THE FIELD--AND ALL THE FELINE
PLAYERS ARE WEARING THOSE SPECIAL SHOES
WITH METAL INNER SOLES THAT I GAVE
THEM! THEY WON'T BE ABLE
TO BUDGE!



THE KICK-OFF'S BEEN CAUGHT
BY TOM CAT!



GO, TOM
CAT,
GO!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, TOM
CAT--WHY
DON'T YOU GO?

I-I CAN'T GO! I-I'M STUCK TO
THE GROUND!



TOM CAT

YOU STILL STUCK TO THE GROUND, TOM CAT?

A FEW MINUTES LATER-- IT'S CANINE TECH'S BALL! FIRST DOWN-- THEN YARDS TO GO...

HEY, TOM CAT-- JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

NOPE--NOW I'M (GROAN) STUCK INTO THE GROUND!

ME? I'M JUST PATTIN' THEM ON THE BACK TO SHOW THERE ARE NO HARD FEELINGS!

WELL, PAT YOURSELF BACK WHERE YOU BELONG OR THERE WILL BE HARD FEELINGS PLUS A STIFF PENALTY!

AND SO, THE CANINE ATTACK GETS UNDER WAY...

GOAL-LINE-- HERE WE COME!

HEY?!

CANINE TECH IS STOPPED COLD RIGHT AT THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE! THOSE FELINE U'ERS ARE TACKLING LIKE DEMONS!

CANINE TECH CAN'T GAIN AN INCH! BELIEVE YOU ME--I'VE NEVER SEEN A TEAM TACKLE AS HARD BEFORE AS THESE FELINE U. PLAYERS!

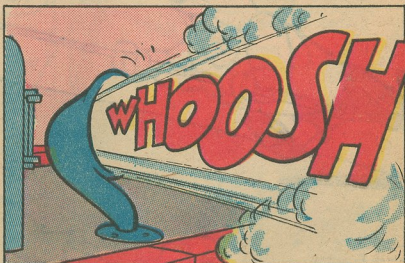
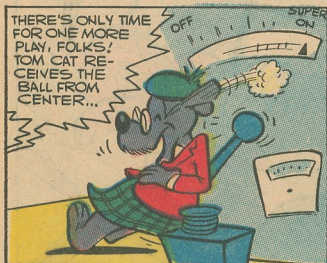
GOOD WORK, TEAM!

YOU'RE A GENIUS, TOM CAT! YOU WEREN'T PATTING THEM ON THE BACK-- YOU WERE PINNING CATNIP ONTO THEIR PANTS! AND THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE SMELL OF CATNIP TO MAKE HEP-TACKLERS OUT OF US CATS!

BUT BECAUSE OF THE BURIED MAGNETO, FELINE U. CAN'T SCORE EITHER! AND WITH ONLY ONE MINUTE TO GO, THE SCORE IS... CANINE TECH 0 FELINE U. 0

HEH -HEH -HEH!..

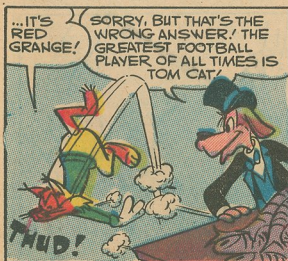
TOM CAT



A MONTH LATER...

AND NOW, TOM CAT, FOR 64,000 HERRING BONES--WHO IS THE GREATEST FOOTBALL PLAYER OF ALL TIMES?

I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE!



END

THE ALL
AMERICAN

TOM CAT

"DISQUALIFIED"

HOLD ONTO YOUR SEATS, TRACK FANS! TRY NOT TO BITE YOUR FINGERNAILS! THE FINALS OF THE POLE VAULT EVENT IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE. THE FIELD HAS BEEN NARROWED DOWN TO ONLY TWO CONTESTANTS-- JACK DEJUMP, AND TOM CAT! G-GOLLY--HOW CAN TOM CAT STAY SO COOL AND COLLECTED AT A TIME LIKE THIS...?

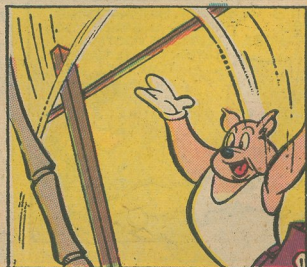
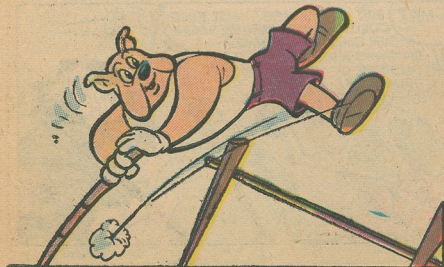
I DON'T (YAWN)...SEE WHAT EVERYBODY'S SO EXCITED ABOUT! I'M SURE TO WIN!

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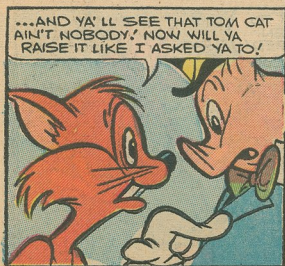
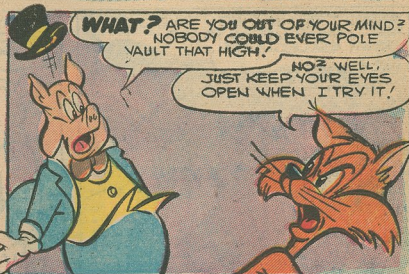
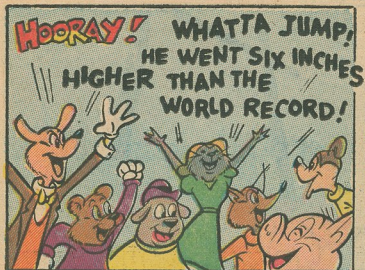
ARE YOU READY,
JACK DEJUMP?

YUP!

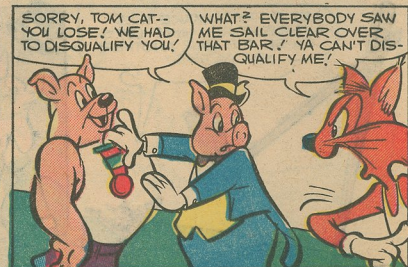
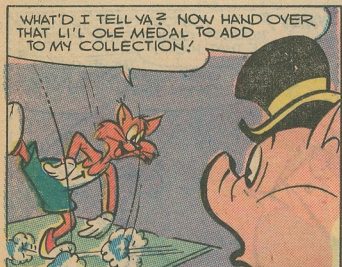
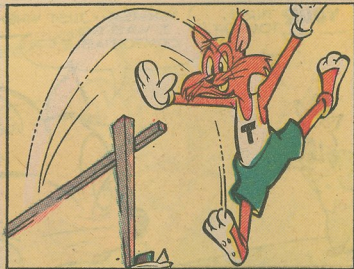
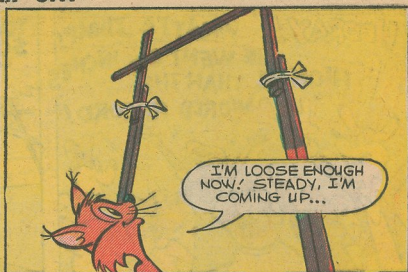
GO!



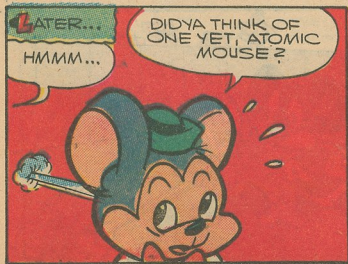
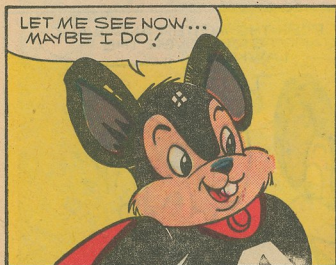
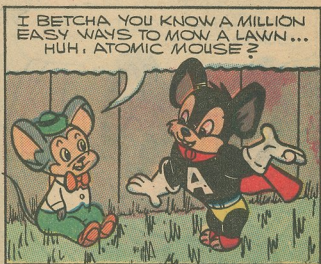
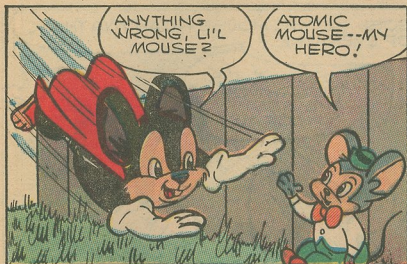
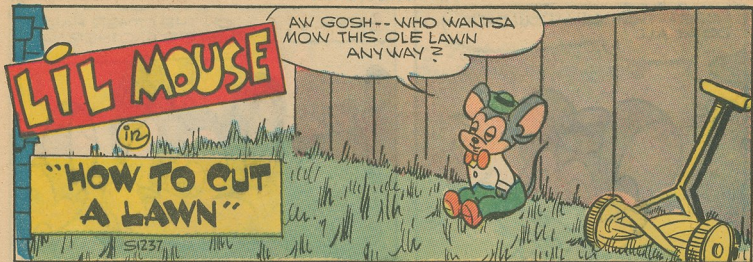
TOM CAT



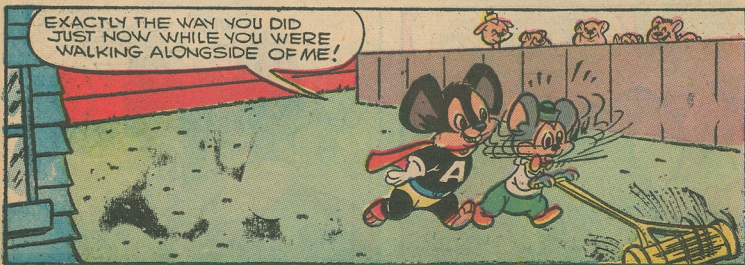
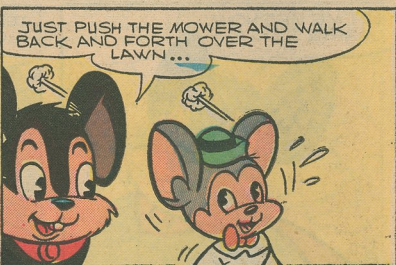
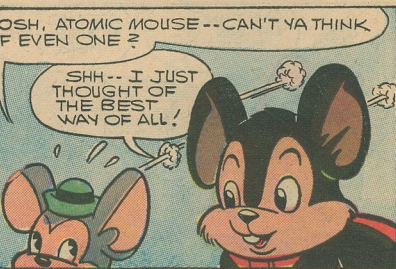
TOM CAT



END-



TOM CAT



the ALL
AMERICAN

TOM CAT

in 'TOM CAT VS. POLLY
PAMP, THE PING PONG
CHAMP'

PING!

PONG!

HMPH--THEY CALL THIS A
GAME? THIS IS THE (YAWN)
FIRST TIME I'VE PLAYED IT...
BUT FOR A NATURAL ATHLETE
LIKE ME, IT'S A SNAP!
(YAWN)

PUFF -
PUFF!

SK73

HEY TOM CAT--
HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE TO PLAY
AGAINST THE
PING PONG
CHAMP OF
THE WORLD!

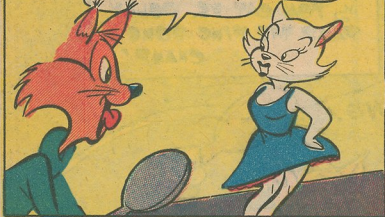
'WHY NOT--FROM THE LOOKS
OF THIS SISSY GAME, IT
COULD (YAWN) USE A NEW
CHAMP!'

I ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE! CHOOSE
YOUR PADDLE!

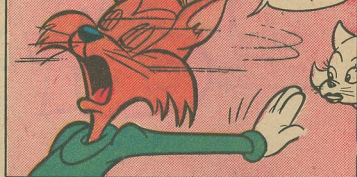
WHAT?

TOM CAT

THE CHAMP'S A GIRL! OHHH, THAT'S DIFFERENT! I'LL NEVER PLAY AGAINST A GIRL CHAMP!

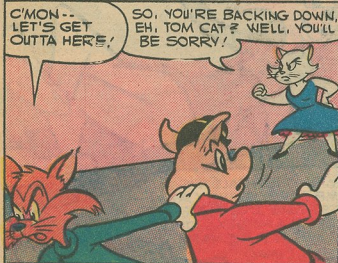


NAAAH...IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT! I WOULDN'T WANTA TAKE THE CHAMPIONSHIP AWAY FROM A GIRL! SHE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE! SHE'D ONLY WIND UP CRYIN' HER EYES OUT!

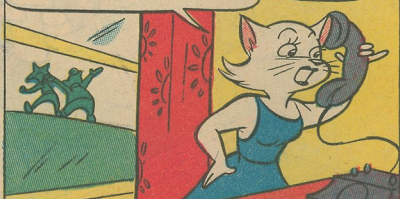


C'MON-- LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

SO, YOU'RE BACKING DOWN, EH, TOM CAT? WELL, YOU'LL BE SORRY!



THIS IS POLLY PAMP, THE PING PONG CHAMP SPEAKING! I WANT TO TALK TO THE SPORTS EDITOR OF THE DAILY BLAH! I HAVE A STORY FOR HIM-- ABOUT TOM CAT...



AND SO, THE NEXT MORNING...

READ ALL ABOUT IT! READ ABOUT TOM CAT!



WHEN WILL THEY EVER STOP PRINTIN' THESE RAVE WRITE-UPS OF LI'L OLE ME?

READ ALL ABOUT TOM CAT...

WHY SHOULD THEY? YA'RE THE GREATEST!



...TOM CAT AFRAID TO PLAY POLLY PAMP, THE PING PONG CHAMP!

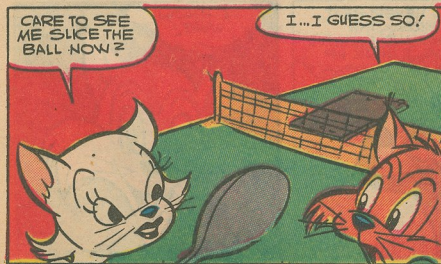
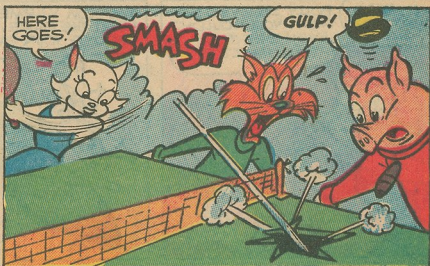
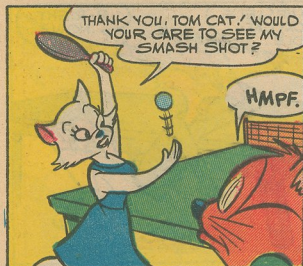
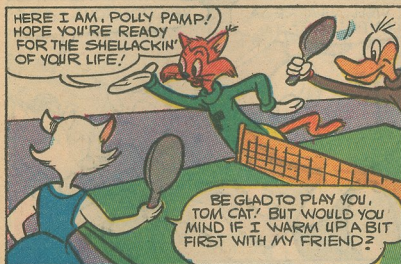
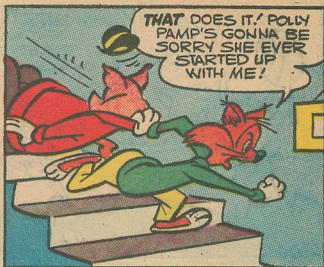


ME AFRAID OF A GIRL? HOW COULD THEY PRINT SUCH STUFF?

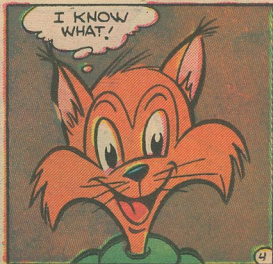
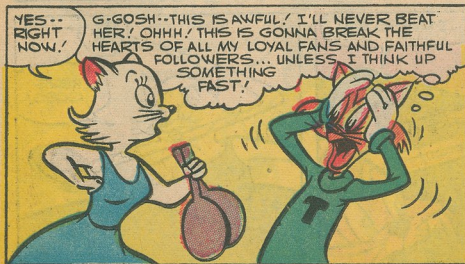
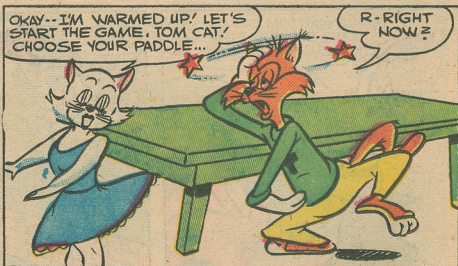
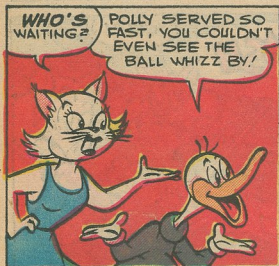
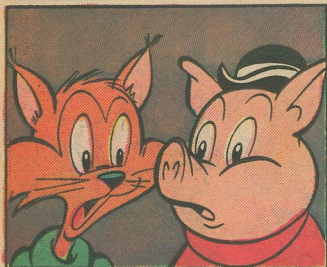
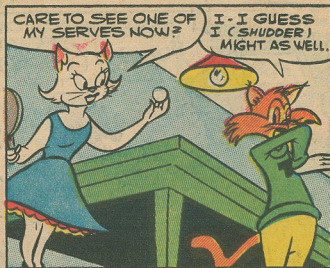
WHAT'RE YA GETTIN' SO UPSET ABOUT, CHAMP? YOUR PUBLIC'LL NEVER BELIEVE A WORD OF THAT NUTTY STORY.



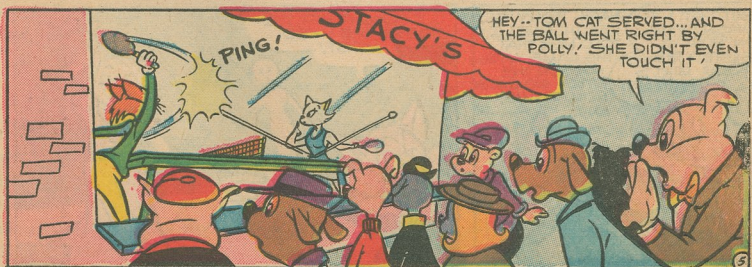
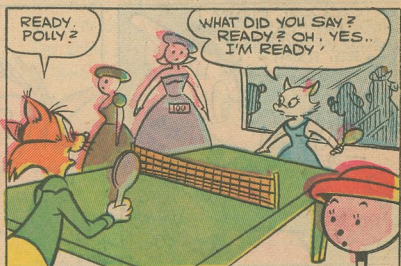
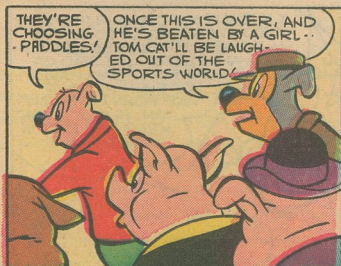
TOM CAT



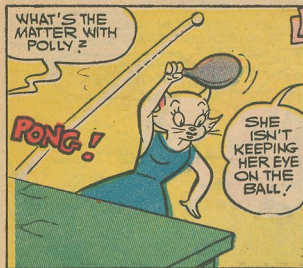
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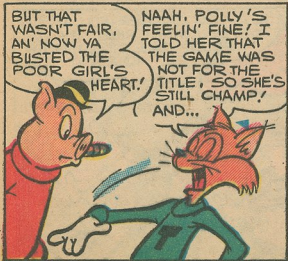
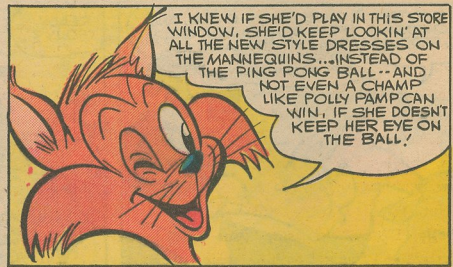
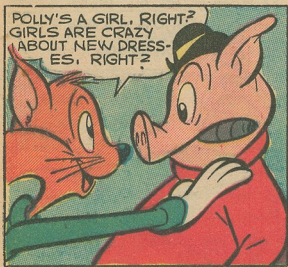
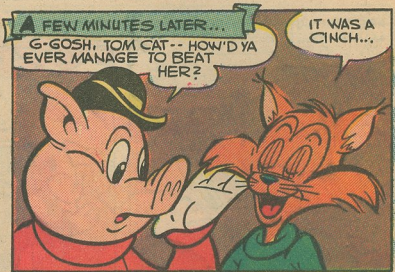
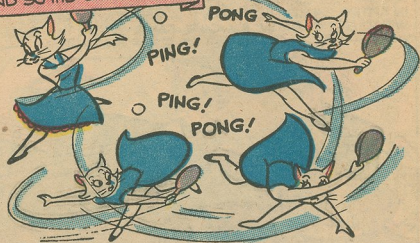
TOM CAT



TOM CAT



AND SO THE GAME GOES...





AMBITIOUS CAT



HOWLEY CAT had had one great, burning ambition ever since he was only a little, fluffy kitten. He wanted to get on television and be a great star like Arthur Goatfry, Milton Bear, Jack Bunny and Walter Weasel.

"Golly, Daddy, I'm going to make a lot of money and then you and Mommy won't ever have to work any more," declared young Howley.

"That's a noble ambition, Son," responded Mr. Cat. "I'm getting a little old, I'll admit. My bones begin to creak from putting in such long hours and the night work is especially hard on me. I have always looked forward to the day when you would take over my business for me."

Mr. Cat owned The Miserable Rodent Exterminating Company. Business had been rather poor lately because so many rodents objected to being exterminated. Mr. Cat had often told himself, "What this company needs is some young blood," and he regarded his son, Howley Cat, as just the fellow to put new, youthful vigor into the concern.

But young Howley had different ideas. "Golly, Daddy," he said, "your business is all right and I've got nothing against it. However, I have planned my career in a different field."

"And what's that?"

"I'm going to be a TV star!"

Mr. Cat stroked his chin whiskers thoughtfully. "I don't want to stand in the way of your ambition, my boy. But it's very difficult to become a television performer and you might be letting yourself in for some keen disappointment. By the way, what would you do on TV?"

"I'd be a singing star like Frankie Lion and Gene Otter."

Howley's father heaved a sigh. "Well, Son, I want you to have your chance to make good. I'd ask you to sing something, but I am really no judge of music. I never got much of a musical education myself, though it's true that one of your great uncles became first violin in the Philharmonic Symphony. Maybe you've got talent. I wish you luck."

"Thanks, Daddy," said Howley. "I was hoping you'd understand."

"I understand. A young fellow isn't worth his catnip unless he's ambitious. Now I suppose you'll want to be going to the big city to try out for some of the big shows. I'm going to give you some spending money and I'm going to buy you a round-trip ticket."

"Round trip? But I won't need a round-trip ticket!" exclaimed Howley. "After I make good I won't be coming back here. I intend to send for you and Mommy and put you up in a fine penthouse apartment."

"Sure, and I hope you do," said Mr. Cat. "But there's always the chance you might not make good. I want you to understand it's no disgrace to try and fail. The only disgrace is if you don't try at all. So I'll buy you a round-trip ticket. If things go wrong, you'll always be able to come home, and welcome!"

Howley Cat went to the big city. He made the rounds of the TV companies and sang auditions for them all. In each case, he was told politely, "Thank you, Mr. Cat. We will put your name down and if there's an opening for your type of work, we'll get in touch. Don't call us; we'll call you."

That wasn't too bad, but one time when Howley left an audition studio he failed to close the door tight behind him. So he overheard certain remarks: "Did you ever hear such caterwauling?" "What makes that pussy think he can sing?" "He sounds like a banshee with a tummy ache!"

Howley was mighty discouraged and unhappy, of course. "They think I'm terrible and maybe they're right," he thought. "Maybe I should give all this up, use my return ticket, and go into the exterminating business."

But Howley was not a young fellow who would give up easily. He decided that perhaps with more practise he'd be able to sing better. He didn't want to disturb people, so he decided to practise at night after everyone was gone to bed. He perched on a fence behind a row of apartment houses and, looking dreamily at the full moon, sang some of his favorite selections such as "Pretty Kelly Kitty" and "I Saw Mommy Kissing the Easter Bunny."

He started out singing softly, but as his enthusiasm grew, his voice became louder. Before he was aware of it, he had awakened all the sleepers in the apartment houses. They began throwing things at him—shoes, flower pots, bookends. Poor Howley got hit in the head right in the middle of a medley.

When he awakened he found himself in the Kitty Carey Memorial Hospital for Frantic Felines. A nurse smiled at him and asked, "Well, young fellow, how do you feel?"

"I've got a headache," said Howley. "Why did those people throw things at me?"

"They didn't like your singing," responded the nurse, cheerily.

"Guess I'm a failure," said poor Howley,

gloomily. "Guess I can't really sing at all. A fellow at the TV studio said I sound like a banshee. He must've been right."

"Hey!" exclaimed the nurse. "Do you really sound like a banshee?"

"That's what the man said."

"Well hold everything!" cried the nurse. "I've got to call my boy friend and tell him about this!"

Howley lay on the hospital bed wondering why the nurse had got so excited about a banshee. Presently she returned and asked, "How's your voice, young fellow? Is it still in good shape?"

"I guess so. Why?" asked Howley.

"My boy friend is coming right over to give you an audition," responded the nurse. "He's the producer of 'The Miserable Murder' program and they desperately need somebody who sounds like a banshee. Their regular banshee has laryngitis."

Howley did it!

He got on TV!

HIS SINGING sounded so much like a banshee that the nurse's boy friend signed him up at once and now you can hear him every week on "The Miserable Murder" program. Howley's howl is so terrible that it makes the blood run cold and because of his unusual work, this program now has more listeners than Arthur Goatfry, Milton Bear, Jack Bunny and Walter Weasel combined!

Good as his word, Howley has set up his mommy and daddy in a fine penthouse in the big city. And he has taken over his daddy's business, as well, thus pleasing the elder Cat mightily. However, he has changed the name of the company slightly. It is now known as "The Miserable Singer Exterminating Corporation!"

The End

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 14, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1907, AND TITLE 18, SECTION 1103, UNITED STATES CODE, SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF:

YOUTH CITY

Published bi-monthly at Torrey, Conn., for November 20, 1955

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(Editor: Fred, Inc., Charlton Building, Derby, Conn.; General Levy, Washington, Conn.; John Salsbery, Derby, Conn.)

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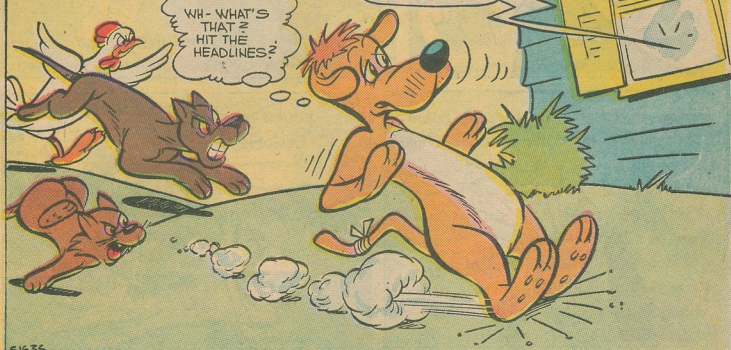
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General Levy, Washington, Conn.
1955 NOV 20 PM 4 10 PM

DOG DAZE

HE IS? THAT'S WONDERFUL NEWS! I ALWAYS KNEW THAT DOG OF MINE WOULD HIT THE HEADLINES SOMEDAY!

WH-WHAT'S THAT? HIT THE HEADLINES?



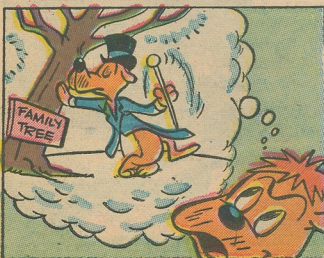
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I SHOULD'VE KNOWN HE'D BE PICKED FOR THIS HONOR! AFTER ALL, HE'S A THOROUGHbred, YOU KNOW!

A THOROUGHbred? ME? SO HOW COME HE'S ALWAYS CALLING ME A MANGY MONGREL?



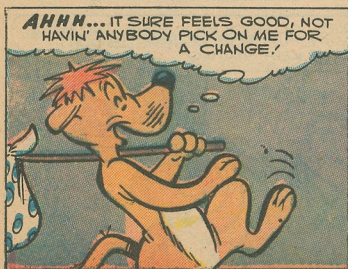
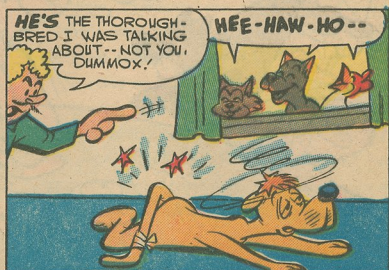
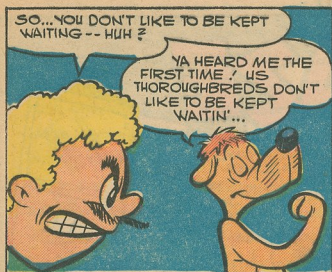
OH--I UNDERSTAND! HE JUST DIDN'T WANT ME TO GET STUCK-UP! HMPF--AS IF ANYTHING COULD EVER MAKE ME CHANGE MY HUMBLE WAYS!



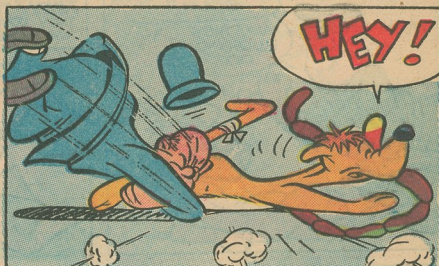
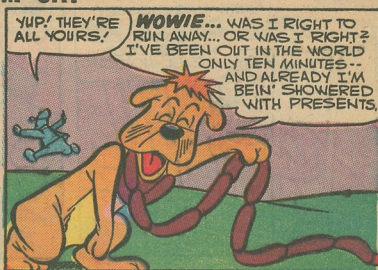
HEY, BUB-- GO FETCH ME A BONE! AND MAKE IT SNAPPY! US THOROUGHbreds DON'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING!



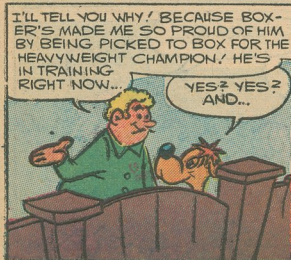
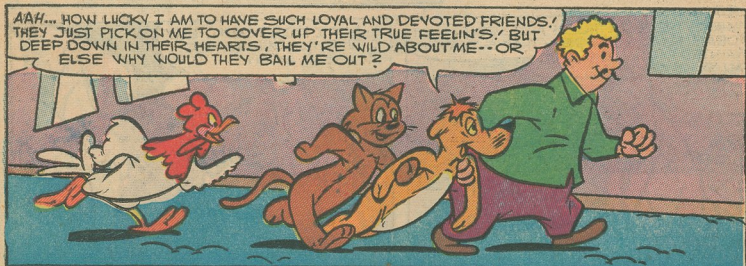
TOM CAT



TOM CAT



TOM CAT



TOM CAT

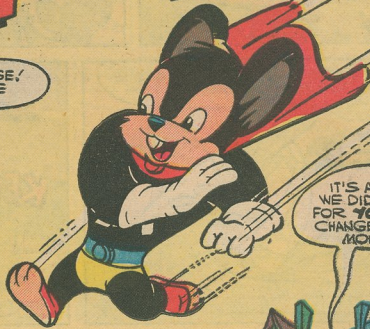
H. P. Fagoo

Atomic Mouse

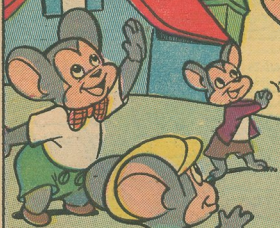
in
'A REAL
SURPRISE



C'MON DOWN, ATOMIC MOUSE!
WE HAVE A REAL SURPRISE
FOR YOU!



IT'S ABOUT TIME
WE DID SOMETHING
FOR *YOU* FOR A
CHANGE, ATOMIC
MOUSE!

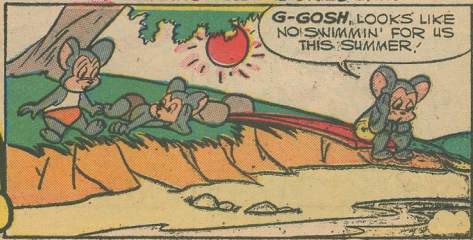


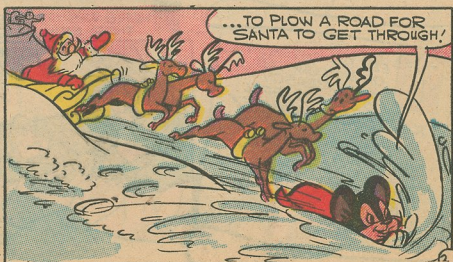
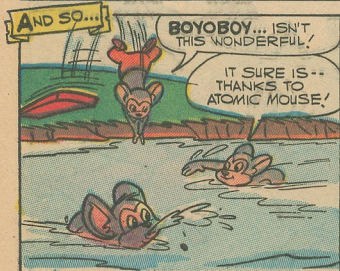
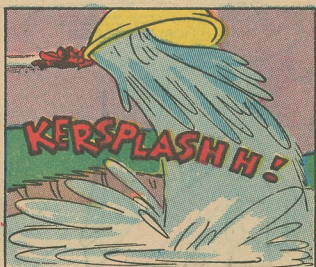
H. P. Fagoo
51050

THERE WAS THE TIME THAT VERY HOT SUMMER WHEN
THEIR SWIMMING HOLE HAD DRIED UP...

YES, THE CHILDREN
OF MOUSEVILLE
HAVE REASON
TO BE GRATEFUL
TO ATOMIC MOUSE!

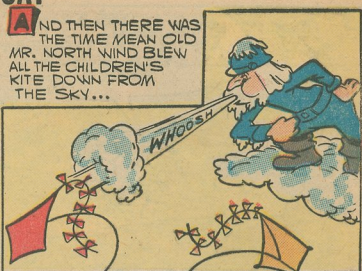
FOR WHENEVER
THEY HAVE A PROBLEM,
IT IS ALWAYS ATOMIC
MOUSE WHO COMES
TO THEIR RESCUE!





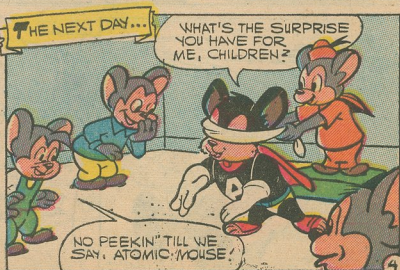
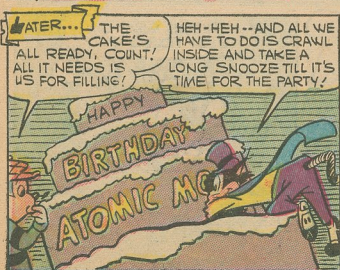
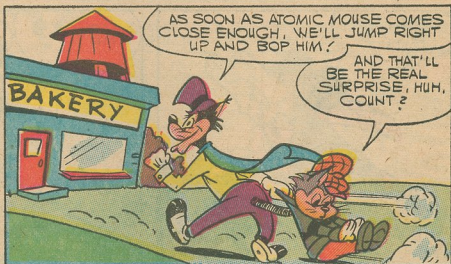
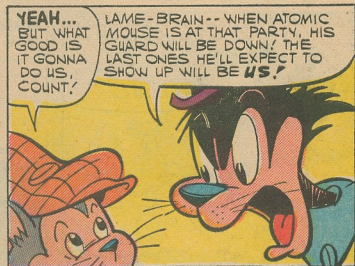
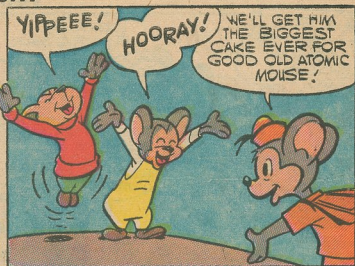
TOM CAT

AND SO...

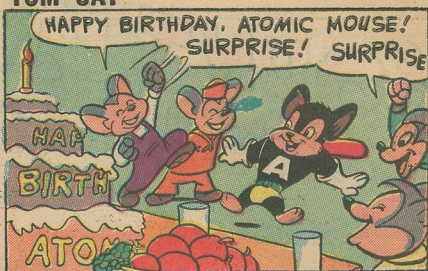


YES--THE MOUSEVILLE CHILDREN HAVE REASON TO BE GRATEFUL TO ATOMIC MOUSE AND AT LAST THEY'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING FOR HIM.

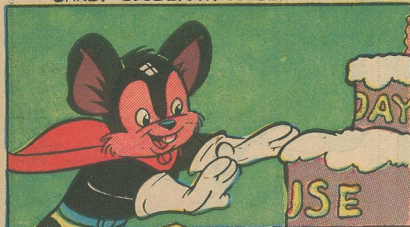




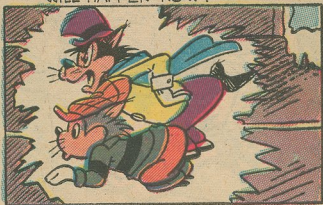
TOM CAT



AND NOW OUR HERO MOVES CLOSER TO THE CAKE! CLOSER ... CLOSER...



WE KNOW WHAT'S WAITING FOR HIM INSIDE THE CAKE -- DON'T WE? OOOH -- POOR ATOMIC MOUSE! WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?

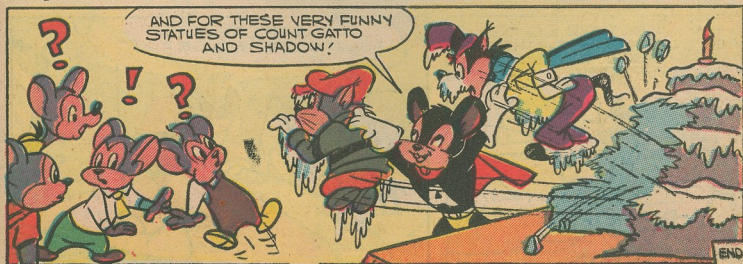


AND SO...

I WANT TO THANK YOU -- ONE AND ALL! FOR YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS... THE WONDERFUL ICE CREAM ... THE WONDERFUL CAKE!



NOTHING WILL HAPPEN, AND DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY? COUNT GATTO AND SHADOW GATTO DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS AN ICE CREAM CAKE! AND RIGHT AFTER THEY CRAWLED INSIDE, THE CAKE WAS PLACED INSIDE A FREEZER -- AND NOW THOSE TWO ARE FROZEN STIFF!



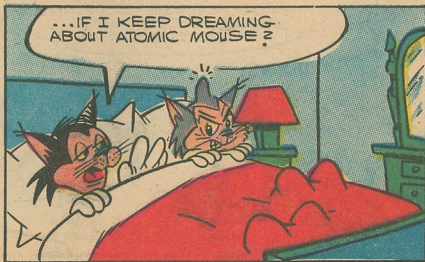
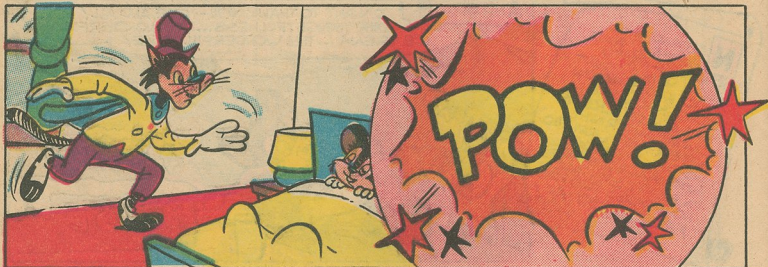
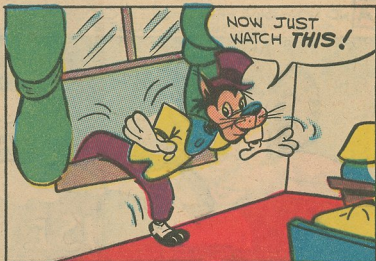
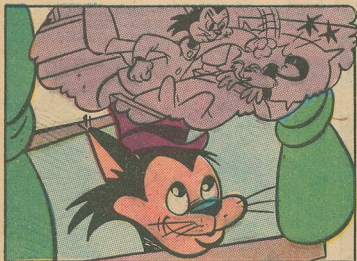
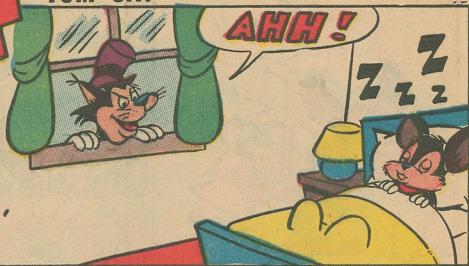
AND FOR THESE VERY FUNNY STATUES OF COUNT GATTO AND SHADOW!

END

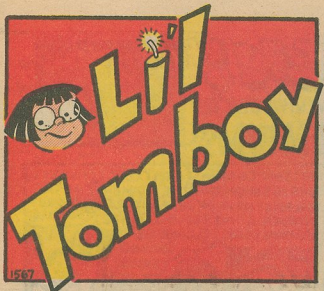
COUNT GATTO

in
'JUST WATCH THIS'

51597

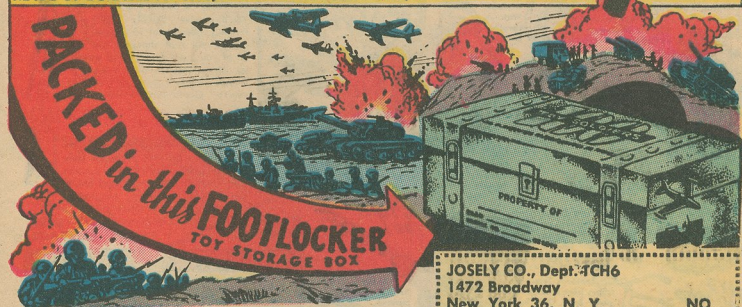


TOM CAT



100 TOY SOLDIERS \$1.25

MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4 1/2"!!



EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

- | | | |
|---------------|------------------|--------------|
| 4 Tanks | 8 Machinegunners | 4 Bombers |
| 4 Jeeps | 8 Sharpshooters | 4 Trucks |
| 4 Battleships | 4 Infantrymen | 8 Jet Planes |
| 4 Cruisers | 8 Officers | 8 Cannon |
| 4 Sailors | 8 Waves | 8 Bazookamen |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Wacs | 4 Marksmen |

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HERE'S MY \$1.25!

Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

NO

C.O.D.'s

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Address _____

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**JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS
ON THE BEAM!**

GIVEN!
BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE GIVE YOU
CASH or PREMIUMS!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

If you mail coupon at once — we'll send you exciting new "PUZZLE FUN" free of charge.

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MAIL COUPON

Football
Pocket
Watches,
etc.

Fishing Outfits
Flashlights
1000 Shot
Daisy Air Rifles

ACT NOW!
HURRY

WE ARE RELIABLE!

Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball
Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware,
Blankets (sent postage paid).
Mail coupon for SALVE and
pictures to start.



BE FIRST
ACT NOW



LET'S GO



JUMPIN' JUPITER!
YOU'RE SURE
SIZZLING TH' OL' ROCKET
TODAY, TED!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET
BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE.
PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRING-
ING MY NEW CAMERA!

I'VE EARNED A SWEET RADIO
AND A TELESCOPE TOO!
IT'S EASY SELLING TO
YOUR FRIENDS - AND YOU
GIVE 'EM THESE SWEET ART
PICTURES -

THAT'S
FOR ME!



WE ARE RELIABLE!

ACT NOW

Ukeleles,
Watches,
Lovable
Dolls.



ACT NOW

BE FIRST



LET'S GO

Food Chop-
pers, Carving
Sets, Bibles.
Mail coupon.

LOOK!
Footballs, Tele-
scopes (sent postage
paid). Boys', Girls' Bi-
cycles (express
chgs. collect).

ACT NOW!

Radios,
Candid Cameras with carry-
ing cases, Telescopes, Roller
Skates (sent postage paid).
Mail coupon to start.



WE TRUST
YOU!
22 Cal
Rifles, Arch-
ery Sets, School
Boxes, Wallets.
Mail coupon for
SALVE and
pictures to start.

ACT NOW!



LET'S
GO!



ACT NOW!



SAY! THAT CAMERA
SURE IS SUPERSONIC!
YOU MUST HAVE
STRUCK A
URANIUM LODE!

DIDN'T COST
ME A DIME -
JUST GOT IT FOR
SELLING WHITE
CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE!

HURRY!
AN' GET
DE-PRES-
SURIZED!



TRAINING BASE

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING
THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW
PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!

**EXTRA FREE GIFT FOR
MAILING COUPON NOW**

You'll receive "PUZZLE FUN" - a
thrilling collection of 15 puzzles - 18
riddles. All real stumbers but easy
when you know how - and we give
you all the answers. Work 'em on your
friends - they'll think you're a real
smarty! Great fun for everybody!

MAIL COUPON

We'll send FREE CATALOG too!

Dozens of wonderful premiums (sent
postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures
with White CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE
easily sold to friends, neighbors,
relatives at 35c a box (with
picture). Rush coupon
to start.

OVER 62 YEARS

MAIL COUPON ("Puzzle Fun" will be sent to you absolutely FREE)

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept 128, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE to
sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission
as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent
with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send my
FREE "PUZZLE FUN"

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST _____ R U _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO _____ STATE _____
PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OVER 62 YEARS • WE ARE RELIABLE! • MAIL

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